although he refused to let the Sioux bathe his wound. It fell to Hal to do that, and while he was at the work, Maekintosh told him what had happened; told him in jerky phrases, as though reluetant to have to give way to the necessity for speech at any length.

The sum of the information he had to give was, that he himself had seen Hal's assailant come out of the hut and who was none other than le Grand. He had struck the youngster with a bar of wood; then, before Maekintosh eould get up from the ground, the breed had smashed the wood down on his head, and knocked him senseless. What else he would have done Maekintosh did not know, but, as he learned afterwards, one of the Sioux, evidently angered that the breed who had led them into such a mess should have taken no part in the fight, had ealled him a coward. Grand had turned on him, and the Indian who was wounded in the leg hurled his knife at him. It eut across the breed's face and whipped him into a fury that would have ended in the death of the red man, but for the faet that another of the wounded men, who had managed to erawl to where one of the muskets lay, drew on Grand hesitated a moment, then flung the wooden bar at the man, knocked the musket out of his hand, and had gone sweeping away from the hut at a good page.

"No one follow him?" Hal questioned.

"No one could!" was the reply. "Wasn't one of those fellows able to do that after we'd finished